Flaring Tunics the New Parisian Note

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics By ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

Here are more original recipes sent in by readers of this column: Lamb Pattie.

From remnants of lamb stew a made. Cop very fine all meat and fat. Have ready cold boiled beets and potatoes, chop fine and add to meat. Add onion, salt and pepper. Make into patties and fry in butter.

Pimiento Walput Sandwich. Cut two pimientoes in small pieces, one-half cup walnuts chopped, four sweet pickles cut up. Add mayonnaise to this mixture and

spread between thin slices of but-tered bread. MRS. GEO. K. Wheat Recipes. Here are two healthful recipes from G. A. that will interest ever

so many of our readers. One is, to grind wheat through the coffee

grinder, then boil until well done. When cold cut in slices and fry a To make a beverage to be used like coffee, G. A. grinds the wheat through the coffee grinder, then parches it brown in the skillet, stirring all the time. Mix two-

thirds wheat with one-third coffes and prepare the same as coffee. Celery Saute. "Use outside stalks from a bunch

of celery, wash and scrape and cut in inch lengths, cook in salted boiling water. Chop fine one green pepper, one pimento, one small onion, soak in olive oil or butter until tender, add celery, cook slowly five minutes. Before serving sprinkle with chopped parsley."

Devil Food Cake. Make custard with one cup of grated chocolate, one-half cup of sweet milk, one cup of brown sugar, the yolk of an egg and cook in double boiler until thickened, flavor with vanilla and set away to cool. with vanilla and set away to cool. Then cream together one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Now stir in half a cup of sweet milk, stir in the custard and then sift in two cups of flour and a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Bake in layers, in greased and floured pans. Make any preferred filling, but this is the one I like. Boil until the is the one I like. Boil until the syrup will test into a medium hard ball in cold water one cup of brown sugar, one of white sugar, half a cup of vinegar and half a cup of water. Beat the whites of the two eggs left from the cake stiff and pour this mixture over them, whipping constantly. When it com-mences to get thick stir in a cup of nut meats if you like and use between layers of cake and on top.

Two and a half cups flour, one tablescoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, two and a half table-spoons sugar, one-half cup raisins, one-half cup walnut meats two tablespoons shortening. Make like biscuits, but roll in two pieces.
Take one piece and roll so it will fit a ple tin. Then take a kuffe and run it down the middle and across, so it will make four pieces. Do the same with other piece of dough. Bake in moderate oven. After removing from oven, split each piece open, fill with orange jelly or marmalade. Serve hot or cold.
MRS. GEORGE K.

CHAPTER LVIII.

HE week following her talk

First of all, she was disappointed when she learned the result of the new specialist's call. He examined

Hugh carefully, but declined to ex-

press an opinion for a week or two yet. During this period the patient

"Not that it will make any dif-ference to Hugh himself," Laura

explained to Ruth, "but it will be

hard for those who must be with him. The firelight is permitted, for

that can be screened from him. None of us can see to read by that

flickering glow-so we will have to

be satisfied to talk to the poor lad.

And he will get tired of all of us-except you, Ruth."

"He may get tired of me, too," the girl reminded her. 'If he knew

who I am he would order me out of

the house. But never mind about

that now! We must think of some

way to amuse him. There is al-

"Yes, and fortunately you can play without notes," the sister ob-served. "Yet, the queer part of it

all is that Hugh is so much more cheerful than he was a few days

ago. I cannot understand it. He

was, naturally nervous after the

examination, yet when he was told that he must wait for a week or

two more before learning certainly.

and that even then there might not be anything certain to tell him, he just smiled and said, "All right! If

the rest of you can stand it, I can!

Dr. Denton was surprised at his

Hugh was not happy because of his

growing conviction of the depth of

firmed by his greeting of herself

when, after her talk with Laura, she went up to the library.

"Hugh!" she said as she entered.

He turned quickly at the sound

"Look out, don't tumble over any-

"Oh, darling, I am glad

"So you are to be in darkness for a while, are you?"
Hugh laughed. "That means lit-

thing in this dark place," he cau-

Trying to Console Him.

tors have said about you, Hugh,"

she remarked as she received his

tle to me, for I have been in the

dark for so long. Yet, do you know. Doris—hesitating as he

speke her name-that if I live to be

bours we have spent here this winter-the sound of the crackling fire and the music of your dear voice. When I first got home, I believed

could never be as happy as this.

Are you happier than you were then, too, dear?"

He felt for her hand, then smiled as he found it. He fingered the lit-le pearl ring that had been her

grandmother's, as if his mind was,

hundred I shall never forget the

"Laura has told me what the doc-

of her voice.

you have come!"

Doris' love. This idea was con-

Secretly, Ruth was wondering if

ways the piane, of course."

must be kept in a dark room.

with Daniel Rodney was a hard one for Ruth Courtney.

\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

\$1 saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write I will award a prize of \$1 each

day for one of the suggestionss which I print. If your first letter doesn't gst a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it. Checks vill be mailed to win-

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

Pienie Diah.

For six persons. First part-Six medium sized potatoes, one bunch celery, one head lettuce, six hard boiled eggs, one cup chopped boiled ham, two or three tablespoons pure butter, three tablespoons cider vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, one bay leaf and one clove garlic (if

Soak "spuds," celery, lettuce over night. Next morning peel "spuds," drop in boiling water, add bay leaf, cook until tender, pour off surplus liquid, also bay leaf, then mash, season with butter, salt and pepper, beat to thickness of cake batter, mix with ham, cup of diced celery stalks, heart leaves of celery to be kept for garnishing. Mix sliced garlic with vinegar, add to salad, chop three eggs fine, mix all together thoroughly.

Second part, or cheese straws.

Mix cup four with baking powder (one teaspoon) and a pinch of salt, add one-half cup of grated cheese, two tablespoons melted butter, mix with enough milk to be rolled out to thickness of a dollar. Cut in strips four inches long and half an inch wide, bake in moderate oven to

Garnishing. Line a large platter with tender leaves of lettuce. Pour in salad, put heart leaves of celery in center, quarter the three remaining eggs lengthwise, lay neatly around cel-ery. Lay cheese straws around edge of platter.

MRS. EMMA M.

One pint milk, one cup bread crumbs, yolks of two eggs, one-half cup sugar, rind and juice of one lemon. Mix in order named. Bake until well set. Beat white of eggs with two tablespoonfuls sugar, spread over pudding and brown.

MRS. HELEN C.

This Letter Wins

The Two Voices

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

intent upon it.

given to Doris.

This Letter Wins
Today's Economy Prize.
DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER:
For the past year I have bought live ducks and saved the feathers. For the cost of 28c I bought ticking and stuffed it. I then took the tiey crib sheets and made lovely pillow cases and rimmed them with left-over lace. I am much pleased with them, and baby is very comfortable in her large crib.
MRS. LAURA LUBER,
20 8th st. N. E.

Ruth tried to read his thoughts.

It hurt her to remember that he be-

lieved this was the ring he had

the library by the reading lamp and

called to Ruth as she passed the

"See here, my dear!" her face wreathed in smiles. "That looks

She pointed to a paragraph on the society page of the evening paper.

Leaning over her mother's shoulder

the engagement of her daughter, Doris, to Ralph Norton,"

Ruth had read hundreds of times

caught her breath with an audible

"Oh, mother! Already! How did it

get out? But, of course, you must

have sent the notice yourself to the

"And, why not?" her mother de-manded, her face flushing darkly.

"Hasn't a mother a right to an-

nounce her daughter's engage-

"Does Doris know of this an-

"She does. Last night when, I

may remark, you were staying at the Rodneys until near midnight,

Ralph, Doris, and I had a long talk

in which you might have joined if you had cared enough for your fam-

ily to remain at home with them.

We decided then on the announce-

ment of the engagement. It ought to be made public, for, my dear,

here is another surprise for you! Ralph wants to be married very soon."

"Yes, in three months. The dear

boy begged so hard for this that at

last I gave in, even though it wrings my heart to part with my

little girl. But Ralph promises to

take a house near us, and I shall see my child every day. Nothing could

keep Doris from me, you know, for

she is singularly dependent upon

on, "I wish you to arrange to give your sister and me a good deal of

your time during the next three

months. There is much to be done, getting the trousseau, and so forth."

"And I do hope," the mother added with some asperity "that you will exert yourself to be sympathetic

with your sister in her preparations. It is her due, please remember. She

can have this happiness only once in

her life, you know."
It was well for Mrs. Courtney's sentimental fancies that she did not

see the look on her youngest daughter's face as she went on upstairs

To Be Continued.

will do what I can," Ruth'said.

"And, by the way," she hurried

nouncement?"

"Soon?"

other engagements.

"Mrs. James Courtney announces

Then followed a few lines telling whose son Ralph Norton was, etc. It was the type of thing that

The pain returned to her with greater force when she reached home that night. Her mother sat in

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Here is a French version of a Spring suit-a brown coat with tan serge revers and a plaited skirt.

The pannier is still in vogue, as shown in this gown of yellow voile held in by a ribbon of marine-blue

Could any suit have more chic than this model of beige bure trimmed

with galon and worn with a waistcoat of white crepe de chine?

The Palsied Righteous

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever,

KNOW a man who said it was "awful" that so many little children were pinched and half starved in the dingy slums of his city, but he was doing nothing to relieve them.

I know a man who remarked that "somebody certainly ought to do something to save the starving children in the Near East," but his pity had not yet reached his poc-

I know a man who was in possession of "positive proof" that an organized gang of thugs was corrupting girls of his home city and standing in with the for "good money and political preferment," but he never turned a

hand to prevent. I know a man who masqueraded as a Christian while he ran a big sweatshop establishment in which half-grown boys and girls were being dreadfully overworked and

mistreated, but he kept the matter covered as much as possible. I know a man who argued ably the point that there "ought to be a clean-up" in his home city for the sake of the many boys who were being taught gambling, crap shooting, and petty larceny; but it never occurred to him that he was one of

the guilty parties voters, citizens -directly responsible to man and to God for such outrages against the local youth. I know a man who can easily

spend an hour explaining how th young of today are "thoroughly corrupt and sinful," and can explain by reference to the Scriptures that these wicked youths are never to have a chance to get into the kingdom of heaven. But he quits with mere condemnation and does nothing intended to redeem the young from their so-called fallen

I know a woman who is cross and impatient with children, who has none of her own, but who could train any baby better than its mother can do it-if only she had charge of the matter for a short time Three squares from her there is a baby orphanage withat this particular date exactly twelve little ones waiting for a foster home. But this "smart" lady goes on with her abstract lamentations, seeming not to be aware of her own sin of negligence to do her

I know a woman's club which meets every Thursday afternoon at a very select, richly surrounded, card party, while over the way is a big home of the friendless, where sick, emaciated young boys and girls are supplied with the bare comforts of life, but devoutly loved

Often the fine-laced club members "have read in the papers" about the high cost of living and its hardships entailed on the poorer

classes, but none of them seems ever to have heard about-much less pitied and ministered unto-the 101 little unfortunates at the

So the world passes its troubles along and puts off till it is too late that emotion of altruism and min-istering love. "Something ought to be done" is the seemingly heartfelt cry. But it is only a form of palsied good wishes. Even the want of the children no longer stimulates the action.

The Nesting-Place.

"What litle boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?" asked a teacher of natural history. There was a long silence, then a hand was held up. "Well, Wilkins, where is it?" "The home of the swallow." declared Wilkins seriously "is in the stummick!"

something I've never had and am never going to get, and do you know why I don't want it? Be-cause I've learned that if I got it it ARY, Mary, quite contrary, is having a dreadful time. She wants to be happy—oh, she is so desperately anxious to be hap-

Winifred Black Writes of

Way To Find Happiness

Is To Stop Looking For It

py!—and she isn't. So she cries and gets the blues, and leans out of the window and looks at the stars and sighs, and when the moon makes a bright patch of silver on the dancing water, Mary, looks at it and wishes she could walk straight up that shining path, up and out and away. was going to be.
"Happy? Can a woman whose heart has been broken ever be real-

in the friendly dusk of the quiet room. I could see her profile clear against the moonlight, and it was calm and beautiful. "I was never calm nor contented in my life until

Mary, Mary, doesn't care about being sensible, she doesn't even worry much about being good. Success? Well, maybe, but that "If anyone told me I was going

Usefulness? Perhaps, but, after all, what's the use of being useful if you aren't happy? Oh, Mary, Mary is having a terrible time! I wonder if she's the least bit to blame herself? I was talking with Someone about Mary, Mary, just last night. This Someone is a woman past her first youth, still beautiful, still

full of the love of life and every-thing that life means—joy and sorrow, and love and laughter, and all the rest of it. Someone had had rather a stormy

Away, away, oh, anywhere, so it isn't where she is right now!

up and out and away.

isn't so important.

life—she has been twice married. Her first husband was clever and good and devoted—he died when Someone was just a bride. In a few years Someone married again and her second husband turned out to be not very much of a

success. He didn't make Someone at all happy. One day he just quietly walked out of the house and never came back, and when Someone found that her husband had walked away with another woman -she almost died.

Made New Friends; Gained New Interests.

She tried very hard indeed to die, but somehow she couldn't. And when she began to get well she was when she began to get well she was astopished one morning to find that the flowers in the garden smelled just exactly as they did before her husband deserted her.

And after that the moon was just as beautiful to her as it used to be. And she made new friends and new interests in life.

And she made new friends and new interests in life.

She adopted a little, red-headed, freekled-faced boy and sent West or South or somewhere and brought a little orphan girl who was distantly related, to her home to live with her—and now Someone says she is a good deal happier than she ever was in her life before.

"When I was a bride," said Some-"When I was a bride," said Someone, "I was always afraid I didn't

love my husband enough. And when I was married the second time I was always worrying for fear my husband didn't love me enough. I just centered my whole life around one person and when that person failed me—I was gone "It took me years of suffering to

learn to live as a leaf that is blown by the winds, carelessly, happily, gratefully.

"Look at the leaves on that tree there in the moonlight," said Somewhat pretty shadows they make on the ground. They're not worrying about tomorrow or grieving over yesterday, they are just blowing and shining. Well, that's just the Take What Life

"I take what life brings me and I'm grateful for it. I don't want

wouldn't be a bit what I thought it

ly happy?

heart had been broken and

mended again.
"Love? Do you think that all sorts of love can bring happiness?

to fall in love tomorrow, I'd to the ends of the earth to get away from the trouble and the anguish

"Happiness? Oh, there's so much of it in the world, but you never find it until you stop looking for it. I wonder if it would do Mary Mary any good to have a talk with Someone, and see her clear, tranquil eye, and notice the calm contentment of her every gesture and every look?

Poor Mary, Mary, she isn't ready to graduate yet. Some day when she's out of the kindergarten stage of life, she'll be looking back and feeling sorry for herself. Poor, eager, restless, hoping, craving, despairing Mary.

If she'd only stop trying so hard to find happiness, I believe she'd be happy, after all. Copyright, 1920, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

BOOKS

WALTER CAMP'S HANDBOOK ON HEALTH. By Walter Camp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For more than thirty years Walter Camp, Yale's great football

mentor and authority, has dealt

with men. During the past three with men. During the past three years Camp was instrumental in assisting in practical physical training for older as well as younger men in the army. Out of a vast fund of knowledge of physical fitness and requirements, Camp has pared away the non-essentials, obliterated the fads and presented entertainingly and convincingly the sound doctrine of health and safety first. Camp has covered a wide field and has done a first-class job. The Handbook is of inestimable value for all ages and all walks of life. Brief presentation of the problems Brief presentation of the problems of youth and age, a dozen daily set-ups, a review of the follies of everyday life and the application of sound health policies for children, schoolboys, collegians and industrial workers forms the basis of the work. The problem of keeping fit s not only necessary, but imperative, and Camp's workmanship in

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